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# Victory



war

insanity

fantasy

101 2 10

## Chapter 1 by ForbiddenMoonlight

The murmurs crowd my head.

You did it! You won, you completed the mission. We won the battle, we are so close to winning the war.

I can't shut them out, can't raise my hands to my ears and scream. No, I can only smile, weary, trying to get past them. All these refugees. Even the soldiers clap my back, smiling, cheering, winking...

A few girls try to catch my eyes, they want to get with the hero.

But I just want to be alone.

NEED to be alone.

How can they be so happy? All I can see is the blood on my hands. I don't feel elation, I feel a terror rooted deep inside my bones.

A terror, a fear of myself.

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I killed them. I strode into the enemy camp and killed their leader. Killed the innocent. My squad went in and we killed an e

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I am the only one who survived.

I don't even agree with the cause, I just happened to end up here when my parents died.

If they could see me now... I couldn't bear it.

Victory? If this was a victory, why does it feel like I am being torn inside out, why is my mind screaming that it was wrong. That this is all wrong?

I have to hold out. For longer than just to my tent, because then they will know.

I have to hold out for the rest of this goddamn life.

My breathing, I have to keep it steady. I have to keep it steady. I have to keep it-

### Chapter 2 by Wonder Story - In College



I briskly walked to my tent, mimicking a yawn a few times along the way. The people got the message and gave me a thumbs up. Immediately upon entering the tent, I collapsed onto my bed, tears welling up in my eyes.

A girl outside seductively asked if she could come in. I bluntly responded that I was tired and wanted to sleep. After a few more advances, I heard her leave.

And surprisingly, I *did* get some sleep after all. But my mind kept on replaying the events of the mission, each time I had killed their leader, an innocent child, or a soldier a cruelly different way. And then it was gone.

My best friend, Wen, was shaking me. Turns out I was crying miserably as I was sleeping and kept yelling 'no'. He asked me if I was okay.

And I broke down in front of my best friend, revealing everything, and letting him down.

### Chapter 3 by June



The next morning, the bright streams of light and the sound of splashing water awoke me. I had cried all my tears out, and I could feel the salt on my face. I stayed in my bed until I heard the rustling of the tent. I sat up, still in bed. Assuming it was just another fan of my savageness, I said, "Go away." and I added, "Please." Whoever it was barged in and threw back the tussled blankets of my bed. "I said go!" but I was

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cut off by the visitor. "You... you killed... all those people," the person said. Surprised, I looked up to see a young woman standing in front of me, tears in her eyes. She strode forward, step by step. Then, without warning, she pummeled her fist into my stomach. She slapped my face and threw poison ivy on my legs. I jumped up, ready to fight, but remembered how horribly I had killed all those people, and just stood there. "Come on," she said. I nervously followed her, my legs limp. Where were we going? I wondered.

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